

True Love's Glamour

By Abe E Seedy

If finding one of the True Love Knot flowers was easy, everyone would do it. They'd probably sell them in the marketplace, and Bianca wouldn't have had to piece together a plan from half-remembered stories in a dozen different parlours. Oh, everyone could agree on what they *did*, that part was easy. If two people held one end each and their naturally knotted stem instantly untangled, then it meant that they would be perfect for each other. But where you could still find the plants, that was the real question. Over hills, under bridges, deep in the forest or high up on a mountain - no one could agree on where exactly they were supposed to grow.

Which made it all the more surprising when Bianca almost literally stumbled over one, growing off of a side trail near the village. She only just avoided ruining her dress when she noticed it, nearly tripping over herself as she fought to keep from stepping on its distinctive yellow and black leaves. But, once she'd composed herself and returned to look closer, there was really no doubt about it. There it was, its weird twisted stem peeking out from a clump of tall grass.

Heart in her mouth, Bianca reached out. The pool of potential suitors in the village wasn't exactly deep, but the stories all agreed that the Knots didn't need to be fresh to work. With just this one she'd have enough to perfectly vet every single person she was interested in, and she'd never have to waste her time with sub-par candidates ever again.

Just as she made to pull out the plant though, she felt it shift. Quickly opening her fingers, she watched in disbelief as the stem untwisted, the knotted mass falling limply into a pile of useless strands.

Bianca's jaw hung open in silent horror, but before that could overwhelm her she realised that all might not be lost. This particular plant might have died, or been defective, or something, but maybe there was another stem in this same patch. She stepped forwards, pushing aside the grass as she searched for the base of it. As she got closer she could tell there was *something* there, but weirdly, it didn't look like a plant, it looked almost like... a hand?

The rustle of parting leaves drew Telyn back to wakefulness, opening her eyes blarily to find a woman looming over her. Presumably she was one of the maidens from the nearby village, given both her delicate build and the elaborately braided curls of her long black hair. Not to mention of course how completely impractical her long, flowing dress would be for any serious journey. All of that would seem to flag her as a soft-hearted, local mark, but the expression of cold fury on her face spoke to something more difficult. Clearing aside the air that had died in her mouth at some point overnight, Telyn made to salvage the meeting.

"Good m-"

"You ruined them!", the woman countered. "You ruined all of them!"

A pointed finger almost brushed Telyn's nose. She squinted at it for a moment, then put things together and looked in that direction, revealing the crushed mass of plants that had been serving as her impromptu pillow. A few strands emerged and ran out beneath her sprawled left hand, the end of which were clutched to this woman's breast like proof of a murder.

The one patch of True Lover's Knot for miles around, and she'd just happened to kill it in her sleep. Telyn could have shared the woman's rage, given how many hot meals she probably could have gotten for those stems.

Putting that anger aside for now, Telyn tried her most disarming smile. Nodding her head down to the untangled strands linking their hands, she looked back up at the village woman.

"Well, look on the bright side. Either these things don't actually work, or we're already a perfect match."

The dark skin of the woman's cheeks flushed red, although any embarrassment she felt quickly fed itself back to annoyance.

"Oh, is that so?", she asked pointedly. "With some random woman that sleeps half-naked in the grass, smells like a brewery, with hair like an unfinished bird's nest, and who looks to only have a goat-skin blanket to her name?"

Telyn grinned. "Well, that I can disprove right now." She pushed herself upwards with a sharp grunt, quickly revealing herself to be a good half a foot taller than Bianca. However, the far more impactful revelation was the fact that the blanket was actually her legs, from the waist down coarse brown fur overtook her tanned skin, running all the way down to her shining black hooves. "I'll have you know I don't even own so much as that."

For a moment, Bianca was speechless. "You're... fae", she whispered eventually.

"True", Telyn answered with a deferential nod. "But I prefer to go by 'Telyn'."

That nod prompted a slight movement of her body, and Bianca's eyes widened further as she saw the sizeable cock that hung from her crotch, the length of its mottled shaft swaying at Telyn's motion.

The blush deepened, and this time it was very clearly not being subsumed by anger.

"You're staring, how rude", Telyn teased. "And I thought humans were supposed to be all buttoned up and civilized."

Bianca straightened her spine self-consciously, turning to look Telyn in the eye. "Well", she coughed, "I suppose I *have* been rude. It is any good citizen's duty to give aid to what is so clearly a lost and weary traveller, after all."

Telyn stroked her chin, deliberately loosening her glamour a little further so that Bianca could see the small tuft of fur that sat on her like a beard, as well as the horns that spiralled up through her hair. Then she shook her head, making her long ears flap against themselves just slightly. "Uh huh. You'd be willing to take tea with a creature like me, would you? This isn't just because you want to take advantage of my... gifts?", she asked, gesturing down to her waist.

"Oh no, of course not", Bianca protested, hands raised.

"Oh *of course* not", Telyn said, her hands clenched together in mock-earnestness. "I'm absolutely sure you going from furious to intrigued right after you caught sight of my junk was just an innocent coincidence, right?"

Bianca opened her mouth to respond, but stopped as something occurred to her. "Wait, hold on. Do you think us villagers are 'buttoned up and civilized', or... genital obsessed perverts?"

That made Telyn stop short, until finally she mumbled, "well, maybe you can be both".

"Can we? Really? Look...", Bianca pursed her lips and sighed, taking a moment to compose herself by smoothing the front of her dress. "I was surprised. I *am* surprised. It's not every day one meets a fae creature in the woods, after all. But I would like to think that a creature of magic and mystery has rather more to offer in an afternoon of conversation than just... eternal references to a substantial endowment."

Telyn chewed at nothing for a time while she considered all that. "Can't promise an afternoon of conversation with a creature of magic and mystery", she said eventually.

"Ah", Bianca responded, her shoulders sagging.

"But", she added, closing her eyes briefly, and then suddenly appearing fully clothed, her non-human features either erased or concealed beneath perfectly ordinary garments. "Perhaps I could go for a conversation between two people. Telyn and...?".

Smiling, Bianca took her offered hand. "Bianca. And thank you, that sounds nice."

Telyn shrugged. "I suppose I owe you after all, what with destroying that plant."

"See", Bianca answered as she began to walk them back towards the village, "I was going to be civilized and not mention that."

They spent the afternoon together. Neither of them was entirely sure what exactly they wanted to happen, and so nothing really did. They talked, about themselves, their lives, and their worlds. Telyn laid out the vague shape of fey society, while Bianca politely refrained from taking notes. Then Bianca made cookies, and Telyn happily ate them. When evening fell Telyn said goodbye, but stopped in the threshold just before leaving.

"You wouldn't happen to be planning on baking another batch of those cookies next week, would you?"

"I could", Bianca answered. "If you'd like to share them again."

For a moment, it almost looked like Telyn was blushing. "I think I would, yes."

A few weeks passed. Telyn began to stop by regularly, and Bianca always made sure there was some new baked treat for them to share when she arrived. As they ate they spoke, and the sketches of each other's lives began to fill with colour and detail. Over time, Telyn grew to appreciate Bianca as a wonderfully sweet but surprisingly practical young woman, while Bianca found Telyn to be exciting, with a wealth of truly diverse experiences behind her, and yet beneath her worldliness there was a feeling of genuine shyness and hesitation. Eventually they got to talking easily every time they got together, with Bianca catching Telyn up on the latest stories of others in the village, and Telyn doing the same for the group she lived with. The difference being that while Bianca's stories were about people getting together, going out, and breaking up, Telyn's were almost universally tales of adventurous and enthusiastic fucking.

Finally, after the third story where her friends Rhian and Iwan tumbled out of a tree during a scouting trip turned into an impromptu escapade, Bianca couldn't help but remark on it. "You know, given how much you teased me about focussing on your genitals when we first met, I didn't expect all your friends to be quite so, well, genital-focussed."

Telyn shrugged. "Eh, that's different. Us satyrs are more relaxed, able to enjoy the benefits of being together without it being a whole *thing*."

Bianca looked unconvinced, so Telyn elaborated.

"For example, you keep telling me about so-and-so breaking up with such-and-such, how this person likes that person but can't admit it, even though their sister knows and secretly likes them instead - all of that, all the back and forth, the intensity, the fussiness - we just don't do it like that. You've wrapped all your wants up in so many rules and procedures and niceties you

don't even know what to do with them anymore. If we want someone, we just have fun with them, and then that's it."

"Hm", Bianca said, putting her empty plate to one side and folding her hands on her lap, before staring at Telyn with a carefully neutral expression. "And so what do you want with me?"

Telyn was caught flat-footed. She froze briefly, the dress she'd walked in with fading into fur as her concentration drained away from her glamour. But then a moment later it smoothed out, fabric flowing back down her thighs as the mask reasserted itself.

"Well, that depends on you, doesn't it?", she answered with a practiced smile, her teeth just a little longer than they'd ever been before. "You're the one who invited me here. You know what they say about letting fey creatures into your home."

With surprising tenacity, Bianca held her stare. "I didn't invite a fey creature in", she said matter-of-factly. "I invited Telyn. And now I want to know why exactly she wants to keep coming back. My baking can't be *that* good."

"It's *pretty* good", Telyn shot back, but her voice lacked the edge she was clearly trying to keep up. There were a few long moments of silence, Bianca letting them spread out and fill the air rather than giving Telyn the reprieve of speaking first.

Eventually, Telyn gave in. "I don't know", she mumbled. "It's complicated."

Bianca stood, moving to sit right next to Telyn, resting her hand on her shoulder. "See, once again, you accuse us of something that it turns out you're guilty of yourself." Her compassionate tone took the sting out of her words, and Telyn let herself accept the scolding. "It doesn't have to be complicated. I like you. Do you like me?"

Her expression suggested another joke came to mind first, but then Telyn set it aside deliberately with a deep breath. "You're very sweet", she answered finally, taking Bianca's hand from her shoulder and holding it in hers. And I do like you. But it *is* complicated. Here, let me show you..."

She stood, pulling her gently by the hand until they were both standing in front of one of Bianca's mirrors. Then there was a warmth, and it felt like her heart fluttered slightly, and at first Bianca thought the butterflies of this moment had finally gotten the better of her, until her eyes caught sight of movement. In the mirror she saw her own dress fade away below her waist, an eruption of short black fur blossoming silently over her body. Within a moment her own legs looked almost the same as Telyn's, just in a darker colour to suit her skin. Likewise her ears were suddenly sticking out to the side, while twin horns pressed painlessly up through her scalp.

From beside her, Telyn spoke up, jolting Bianca out of her stunned focus. "That's what will happen if we're... together, in any real fashion. And I can't say for sure, but maybe even..."

She trailed off, and another movement drew Bianca's attention back to the mirror. Like a flower going through a month's growth in mere moments, a shape grew out from her hips, until a sizeable cock and balls of her own settled almost nonchalantly down between her thighs.

"Oh", Bianca said simply.

Telyn let go of her hand, and instantly the glamour was broken, and Bianca saw only her familiar reflection staring open-mouthed at her from the mirror.

"Like I said", Telyn shrugged. "Complicated."

Bianca was silent for a few moments, until she came to a question she just couldn't ignore. "Does this mean you were human once yourself?"

That brought an absent smile to Telyn's lips, and she stared off into the distance briefly before responding. "Yes, it does. But that was in a very different time, in a very different place. And to tell you the truth, I've forgotten most of the details by now. "

She turned back to Bianca, once again holding her hand, but this time no further visions were forthcoming. "There's something else you should know too. This takes time. This isn't something where you make one decision once that locks you in forever. It's something you decide on every day, little by little, further and further, and it's only after it's far too late that you look down and see exactly where you are."

Bianca turned, looking Telyn full in the eyes, and for a moment she was sure she was going to sweep in and give her a passionate kiss. Instead there was a pause, and she scrunched up her lip slightly. "That's... a bit melodramatic, don't you think?"

Telyn would have rocked back on her heels, if not for the fact that her hooves didn't have any. "Uh, well-"

She was interrupted as Bianca leaned in and kissed her; not bending her backwards over her arm and stopping her heart with her glorious love, but something nice, sweet and gentle. "How about for today we say yes", Bianca said simply. "And then tomorrow, we can ask each other again."

Telyn could do little but nod. "Does that mean we can keep kissing?", she managed eventually.

"Yes, I believe it does."

A month passed, and nothing really happened. For as much as Telyn had been reluctant to push anything, the consequences were minor at best. Bianca struggled to make all her established social commitments, but no one really noticed. She skipped the harvest ball, and her baked contribution to the village fete was less elaborate than it had been in the past. If people commented at all, Bianca failed to notice. No one beat down her door, and she was more than happy to leave it at that.

Privately, the differences were more pronounced. At first she still baked for Telyn's visits, but that became difficult to manage as the gaps between her visits became shorter. Then she started staying overnight, and baking became something they did together in the morning afterwards. They read together too, with Telyn somehow managing to acquire books in a surprising number of different languages. They passed many an hour nestled cozily together, Bianca's heels making absent swirls in the fur on Telyn's shins as she read through the latest far-off tale. Sometimes that would be it, with one or the other being too stiff or too tired to do anything but doze off, but more often than not their heat and their closeness would transition seamlessly into another way to spend time together - especially considering the nature of the tales Telyn started choosing to bring.

For their first time, their pent-up desire had managed to carry them through the awkwardness. Telyn was certainly larger than anyone Bianca had been with previously, but the practical preparation of a few oils and sheer determined enthusiasm can compensate for a lot, and eventually they managed to have sex without too many difficulties. After climbing that first hill, Telyn raised the idea that it didn't *have* to just be a case of her bending Bianca over the furniture and slamming into her as hard as possible, as nice as that could be. And so the stories she shared took on a rather different flavour, raising new possibilities and inviting new avenues to be explored.

A story about two women in a lonely monastery was the first time she'd even considered the possibilities that tongues and lips could offer, something that Telyn was more than happy to provide a practical demonstration for. The fur on her chin tickled the inside of Bianca's thighs as she slid inwards, her fingers grasping at her hips as she found purchase. Then she pressed forwards, and Bianca's eyes shot open, and "tell me the tale of the monastery again" quickly became their favourite shared phrase.

It took some time for Bianca to figure out what she could offer in turn, but in truth she'd hit upon it before anything else. Telyn may have contacts and worldly experience that Bianca just didn't have from her life in this small village, but at the same time there was something about that experience that made Telyn surprisingly shy about indulging it. So not only did Bianca provide a place where she could relax and enjoy the company of her close friend, but her wide-eyed enthusiasm gave Telyn an excuse to indulge in a way she'd not really done for some time. The other satyrs were either chasing new, tree-shaking novelties, or their sex was so routine as to

be almost unthinking. The spark here was intoxicating, and going between casual friendliness to passionate, driving lust was enough to keep Telyn coming back more and more.

Winter came, and the pace of village life slowed down. It became easier for Bianca to find excuses to stay inside, and the onset of snow gave Telyn an excuse not to keep trekking back to her encampment. Now instead of staying overnight she was simply staying, and they had little trouble finding ways to occupy their time.

On one of the rare occasions that Bianca had to brave the snow, she found herself dealing with an unexpected queue at the general store, after a small caravan of essential supplies had been unloaded. She joined the line without complaining, but soon realised that several of the other townsfolk were giving her Looks. Her breathing quickened instinctively in response, and that only led to the attention getting more intense. Had they finally noticed her mystery caller? Were they loud enough to disrupt the peace? Had word of this all spread, inflecting judgment on every wagging tongue? She struggled not to blush through the thought of it all, and of course simply blushed all the harder.

Her thoughts were interrupted as the person in front of her, a cheery older woman named Gail, leaned closer and whispered, "uh, Bianca? What's happened to your nose?"

Bianca's hands shot to her face, her fingers finding the tip of her nose noticeably softer than normal, and ever so slightly moist.

"Ah!", she yelped, making the next three people in line visibly jump. Her mind raced, but at the same time some distant part of her was eerily calm. She breathed out slowly, deliberately invoking that stillness and letting it wash over her. It felt like flexing a muscle she wasn't used to, and when she lowered her hand all the onlookers saw was a completely normal face.

"Thank you", she mumbled, forcing a slight smile while quietly keeping up whatever work this was. "I must have gotten soot on it while lighting a fire."

It worked. The crowd turned away, and the moment of public realisation had been avoided. But all the while she waited for her replacement icing knife, she couldn't stop thinking about how this had been a delay, not a solution. Eventually people would notice, surely. Whatever she'd managed here, she surely wouldn't be able to keep it up forever. And would she want to, even if she could? If things kept going in that direction with Telyn, surely she'd want to be *with* her, publicly, and would it be fair to ask her to have a glamour on the whole time for that? Did that equation change when she was doing her own glamour on herself? So far their relationship had been wonderful, but it had been completely private. This experience had been a reminder that despite their wonderful winter bubble, the public world was still out there, waiting for them. One day, one way or another, those two spheres were going to collide, and it was an open question exactly how that would turn out.

All of this Bianca was still turning over in her mind when she slipped back into her home. Telyn looked up when she came in the door, sheepishly moving her hand away from a plate of freshly-made cookies.

"Oh hey, I was just, uh-", Telyn started, then stopped as she saw Bianca's intense expression. "What's wrong?"

Bianca breathed out, forcing herself to relax, and from Telyn's reaction she could tell that the glamour she'd created had fallen away.

"Ah", Telyn said simply.

"Yes, 'ah'", Bianca replied. "Why didn't you tell me before I went out?"

Telyn looked genuinely remorseful. "I mustn't have noticed it, sorry." Then her expression shifted, and she shrugged. "But we knew this was going to happen eventually, right? And besides, *I* think it looks cute."

Moving away from the windows a little, Telyn let her glamour drop fully, then twitched her nose on her own short, goat-like muzzle. "Is it really so bad?"

Caught in this trap of defending herself or insulting Telyn, Bianca couldn't help but look away. "No, it's not, it's just..."

"It was the other people *seeing* it, wasn't it? Seeing some part of you that you weren't prepared to be visible."

Bianca blushed as she mumbled her answer. "Yes. It was, I don't know. There was a lot going on, and I wasn't expecting it to just *hit* me in the middle of everyone like that."

Walking over next to her, Telyn laid a hand on her shoulder. The fur on her chin brushed against her cheek as she leaned closer, her lips almost touching her skin as she whispered, "well then, it sounds like what you need is practice."

She waved her arm, and the room melted away. Suddenly they were standing in the village square, with perhaps a dozen or so people sitting and talking around them. It took Bianca a moment to realise that there was no sound to this, that even though their mouths were moving there weren't any words actually being said. But even so, it was enough that her heart began to race, especially given that Telyn had looked exactly as she really did. When she turned around to confront her though, Telyn was nowhere to be seen. She could still feel her hand on her shoulder, even the heat of her breath on her cheek, but for some reason she'd finished the scene by erasing herself from it.

As if answering her question, Telyn spoke up. "This is for you, not me. I'm going to walk you through this. But remember, if you're ever too uncomfortable to continue, just let me know, and we can stop. Okay?"

Bianca took a deep breath. It was oddly unsettling to be going through this with Telyn seemingly not present, but she was right, if she was going to avoid being caught out like she was at the store, it was important for her to get used to. "Okay."

"Then let's start with where you are now", Telyn's disembodied voice said. The scene shifted slightly, with the most notable addition being a full length mirror replacing the fountain in the middle of the square. It was perfectly positioned to allow Bianca to see herself, and as she looked at her face she saw her nose once again become soft and wet. Seeing it here she was surprised that anyone could tell, as it mostly blended in with her already dark skin. It must have just been because everyone was standing so close together in the line that anybody even noticed, and accordingly the people in the square seemed entirely unmoved.

"Well", Bianca said with a shrug. "I suppose it's not so bad after all."

This time, Telyn didn't speak, there was just a moment of haziness as the scene changed. Bianca had already turned to look back at the mirror, so the first thing she saw were the changes to herself. Her lips seemed noticeably darker, her nose pulled up and away from the rest of her face ever so slightly into the beginning of a muzzle. Her ears were about an inch lower on her head and just as much longer, and a truly close inspection revealed a hint of curled white horns beneath the braids of her hair.

Even though she'd been expecting something, after taking it all in she had to focus for a moment on breathing, especially as she turned around and saw a few of the people in the square turn towards her. There were a few curious looks, but it seemed like even this level of difference just struck people as odd rather than wrong, and they returned to their conversations without undue comment.

Nothing happened for a few moments, and Bianca eventually realised Telyn was waiting for her to comment before continuing. So she deliberately looked herself over, nodding at her reflection. "You're right, this does look a little cute. And it seems to have gone down well enough."

Once again, the scene shifted. Bianca turned back to the mirror, and was startled to see how much more dramatic her changes were. Previously they could have been written off as an odd choice of makeup, but now they were past that point. Ivory horns spiralled almost six inches up through her hair, while her long, flat ears stuck straight out from her head. Her face narrowed to a muzzle around her nose and mouth, and even her chin was decorated with the same tuft of fur that Telyn sported, although in a noticeably darker colour.

It was confronting to see laid out so clearly. Bianca couldn't keep herself from touching her face, even though she knew there was nothing actually there to feel. But even though it was just a glamour, and her fingers passed right through the image, there was already enough that she could imagine the rest of it. Her nose already *was* soft and damp, was it really too difficult to imagine how her face would feel with a snout? The way the bones in her face would just feel *different*, the cartilage of her nose longer and firmer. The weight of her horns on her head, the sensation of her ears flapping at her hair when she turned from side to side. The soft fuzz of fur on her chin, her teeth sitting just a little more awkwardly behind her shining black lips.

Movement out of the corner of her eye caught her attention. Someone was standing just a few feet away, their own hand up to their face as they stifled a silent gasp. Suddenly Bianca realised that *everyone* was looking at her, every conversation had stopped as all those in the village square stared at her wordlessly.

The effect was visceral. It didn't matter that there was no sound, the impact of the moment was still more than enough to bring a burning flush to her cheeks. Everyone could see her, really see her, and they'd have to know exactly what choices she'd made to get to this point. How else would one wake up a satyr, without lying down with them first? They'd know, it was literally written on her face, and it wasn't hers to hide anymore. Either she'd have to withdraw from the village entirely, or she'd have to... not.

What if she didn't? What if they stared, and talked, and she existed anyway? Even without a glamour of her own to hide herself, what if she just lived her life how she wanted, and if people knew, then they knew, but it was still hers to live? Wasn't there at least something to that?

The blush didn't leave her face, but the heat behind it changed somehow. Even despite the embarrassment and her exposure, she felt her spine stiffen, and she hadn't even realised she'd been looking down at the ground until she lifted her head back up. She could still feel the eyes of everyone on her, but there was an energy to it, rather than being something that made her want to disappear. It was, well, surprisingly exciting, actually.

Telyn must have read the change in her stance as an acceptance of where things were now, because the scene shifted once again. Only this time it wasn't that everything simply blurred and then came back new. She must have been concentrating hard, because her body seemed to change in real time. Bianca found herself laughing as she kicked the shoes from her feet, her perspective sliding upwards a little as her new hooves made her noticeably taller. Coarse black fur climbed up her ankles and disappeared beneath her dress, while at the same time her horns stretched even further out above her head.

She had the rapt attention of the entire crowd now, and there was a power to it. Even judgement, the gasps and delicately averted eyes, the fact that they knew she must be having some wild, energetic sex, that she'd given herself over to it so fully that it claimed her body like

this as payment - that was a thrill. She was wearing her lust in front of them, and daring them to take it away.

That was intoxicating in itself, but what she hadn't expected were the other looks she slowly began to notice. The quietly chewed lips, the blushing cheeks in a woman who couldn't quite look away, the deliberately crossed legs from a man seated on the other side of the square. If she let herself be a creature of lust then clearly it would radiate outwards, and she'd only have to desire it for a whole world of possibilities to open themselves to her.

Even though it wasn't real, she felt the fur on her thighs, heard the gasps and panted breaths all around. She was warm, her fingers digging into her dress as her heart pounded. This couldn't be real, but she could feel the tension building, her eyes going wide as her hips slid forwards, a desperately dripping slickness left in her wake. Her teeth gritted, the blood rushing in her long ears as her head lolled to the side. If this wasn't real, how could it feel so absolutely, overpoweringly good?

And then suddenly there was something else. She saw it first, her breath catching in her throat as her dress began to tent up in front of her. But she could *feel* this too, something urgent and weighty slipping out from her hips, stretching and straining at her clothes as she struggled to keep standing. She was dizzy, like she was falling backwards and standing still all at the same time, but the only thing she could focus on was the absolute, demanding heat that was building up unstopably inside her. Still no one said anything, but as her eyes unfocussed Bianca saw the crowd begin to shift, several of them pointing in open-mouthed astonishment, while others couldn't help from touching themselves while they watched. In an instant she tore the dress away, grasping desperately at the cock between her legs, and impossibly she found purchase. She could feel its growing heft in her hand, the slickness now dripping easily over her fingers as she began to slide them up and down.

This was hers. This was *hers*, she was this, they could all see and know and watch as much as they cared, and that was exciting but it wasn't for them. They were the crowd, but the person she really wanted to share this with was Telyn, not them.

Through gritted teeth she moaned her name, and then suddenly she was there, her chin on her shoulder as she held her tight, her own horns brushing through Bianca's hair as the two of them pressed against each other.

There were words, but she didn't have them. The whole village could be right here, watching her make love to Telyn, watching her change and become this carnal, fae being, watching her shudder as she grasped at the cock between her legs, hearing her animal hooves stamp the ground and her whole body writhe and tense. There were words, but when she came she had only a bestial cry to express herself with, and it felt like it was echoed all around her, the whole scene dissolving into nothing but gasping moans and urgent, shuddering release.

Slowly, Bianca exhaled. She blinked a few times, and eventually realised she was looking up at the ceiling. That would mean she was lying on her back, but it didn't feel like she was on the floor, it was far too uneven for that...

Telyn's hand tapped the side of her chest, and her muffled voice emerged from behind her. "Could you lift yourself up just a little?"

"Oh!", Bianca answered, quickly putting back her arms and propping herself up, allowing Telyn to slide herself out from beneath her. Telyn started with an awkward downwards movement, and Bianca eventually realised that that was because they'd come together in such a way that Telyn's cock was pressed up between her thighs, explaining not only how she could feel it in the glamour but also the rather enthusiastic response it had to her attentions.

She laughed. It wasn't about being tricked, or maybe it was, but that was just the punchline. There was just a giddiness to the whole thing, that everything that had been so impossible and intense was just a moment later revealed to be little more than a carefully orchestrated show. She couldn't help but laugh as the tension ebbed away, only after some struggling managing to calm down and face Telyn lying next to her.

"So", Telyn asked eventually, "what do you think?"

"I think I love you", Bianca answered, cradling Telyn's face with her hand before drawing her in with a kiss.

When they parted once again, Telyn was blushing fiercely. "That wasn't the answer that I was expecting", she said eventually. "But... thank you. I think I might love you too."

Bianca grinned, twirling her finger over Telyn's horn. "You *think* you *might*?", she teased. "Do we need to find another True Love Knot?"

Now Telyn laughed. "Hey, all this theatre takes a lot of energy. I'm not sure of *anything* right now. Why do you think we're both on the ground?"

"Well, I certainly appreciate it", Bianca said with a gracious nod. "I know it was all a show, but I genuinely enjoyed it. I look forward to walking that path with you in the future, and I hope it was worth it for you too."

Telyn smiled. "I'll say yes, and then we can ask each other again tomorrow."

"Is that before or after I tell you the story about the monastery in the morning?"

"Shut up and kiss me."